



Watts'
Divine &
Moral
Songs.

American School Union.
316 Chestnut Street

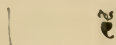
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"Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will
teach you the fear of the Lord."

PSALM XXXIV. 11

I. Watts

Divine
AND

MORAL SONGS,

ATTEMPTED

IN EASY LANGUAGE,

for the

USE OF CHILDREN,

with some

ADDITIONAL COMPOSURES.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected
praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.

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PREFACE,

To all that are concerned in the education of Children.

MY FRIENDS :—

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are entrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness, in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early ; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients among the Jews and the heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Song of Moses, *Deut.* xxxi. 19, 30. and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing *with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish*

one another by hymns and songs, Eph. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it :—

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these *songs* every week, if they fulfill the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse is longer retained in memory and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These *Divine Songs* may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the

family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint ; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success, so that you will find here nothing that savours of a party : The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or dissenters, baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these songs. And, as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt, so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope, the more general the sense is, these compositions may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added, at the end, some attempts of *Sonnets* on *Moral Subjects*, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education ; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the christian world, and a blessing to earth !

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Divine
AND
MORAL
Songs.

SONG I.

A General Song of Praise to God.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

2 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring :
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.



SONG II.



Praise for Creation and Providence.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise :
That spread the flowing seas abroad.
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command.
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word.
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd

Where'er I turn my eye !

If I survey the ground I tread,

Or gaze upon the sky !

5 There's not a plant or flower below,

But makes thy glories known ;

And clouds arise, and tempests blow,

By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)

Are subject to thy care ;

There's not a place where we can flee,

But God is present there.

7 In heaven he shines with beams of love ;

With wrath in hell beneath !

'Tis on his earth I stand or move,

And 'tis his air I breathe.

8 His hand is my perpetual guard ;

He keeps me with his eye :

Why should I then forget the Lord,

Who is for ever nigh ?

SONG III.

Praise to God for Our Redemption.



LEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race !

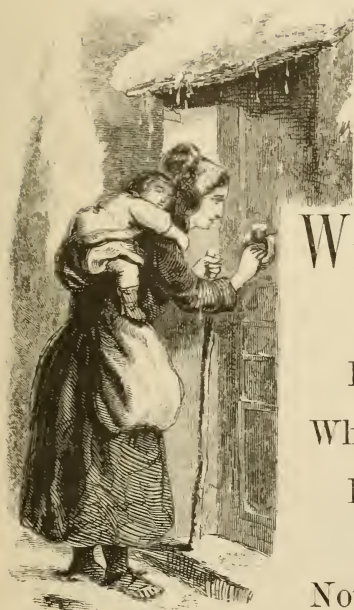
2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood ;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

- 4 He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave ;
Behold him rais'd on high ;
He pleads his merit there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come :
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face ;
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace !

SONG IV.

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.



WHENE’ER I take my walks
abroad,

How many poor I see !

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,

Yet God hath given me more ;

For I have food while others starve,

Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street

Half naked I behold !

While I am cloth’d from head to feet,

And cover’d from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head ;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal ;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favors, day by day,
To me above the rest ?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.



SONG V.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.



GREAT GOD, to thee my voice
I raise,
To thee my youngest hours
belong ;
I would begin my life with
praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on [Christian] ground :
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold :
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hope and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n ;
Nor will I run the way to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

Praise for the Gospel.



LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do.
That I was born of Christian race.
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard these glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heav'n !
- 3 How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his Gospel known !

4 Then if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up my eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.



SONG VII.

The Excellence of the Bible.



REAT GOD, with wonder and with
praise

On all thy works I look :
But still thy wisdom, pow'r and
grace,

Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll

Have much instruction giv'n :

But thy good word informs my soul

How I may climb to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food, and show

The goodness of the Lord ;

But fruits of life and glory grow

In thy most holy word.

- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been ,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sins.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd,
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praise to God for Learning to Read.



THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learn'd
so young,
To read his holy word :

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in ;
By nature and by practice too
A wretched slave to sin :

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell ?

- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
 Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sins,
 And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn
 How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern :
 Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
 He sends his Spirit down,
To show the wonders of his love,
 And make his gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
 And all thy saints believe.
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord,
 In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learn'd in vain.

SONG IX.

The All-seeing God.



ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night :
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

- 4 Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
Upwards I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.



SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.



HERE is a God that reigns above.
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth.
and seas :
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do :
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw :
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die.

Nor do I know how soon 'twill come :
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have.

Before the day of grace is fled :
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

6 Just as the tree, cut down, that fell

To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.



SONG XX.

Heaven and Hell.



HERE is beyond the sky.

A heav'n of joy and love :

And holy children, when they die,

Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,

And everlasting pains :

There sinners must with devils dwell

In darkness, fire, and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I

Escape this cursed end ?

And may I hope whene'er I die,

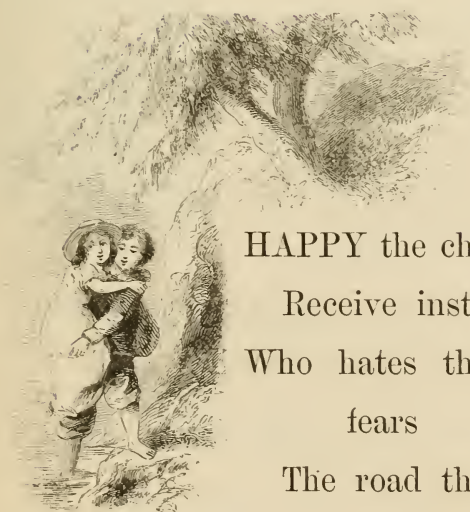
I shall to heav'n ascend ?

4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.



SONG XII.

The Advantages of Early Religion.



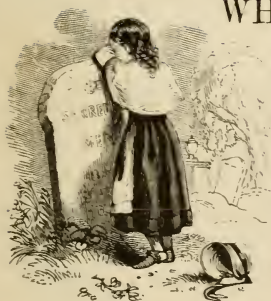
HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well :
Who hates the sinner's path, and
fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God.
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin.
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days.
Or fit for early death.

SONG XXX.

The Danger of Delay.



WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n or think of
death?"

A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my
breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n ;
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day !

- 4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place !
- 5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell ;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell !
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.



SONG XIV.

Examples of Early Piety.



HAT bless'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth !

2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men.
(The Jews all wond'ring stand,)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name ;
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so soon ?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.



SONG XX.

Against Lying.



O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's
true ;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?

- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That, just before, her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell:
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.



SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.



LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.
- 5 Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.



SONG XXXI.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.



WHATEVER brawls disturb the
street,

There should be peace at home :
Where sisters dwell, and brothers
meet,
Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another :
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.



SONG XVIII.

Against Scoffing and Calling Names.



OUR tongues were made to
bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men ;
When others give a railing
word,
We must not rail again.

2 Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school ;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool.

3 But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

- 4 When children in their wanton play
 Serv'd old Elisha so ;
And bid the prophet go his way,
 “ Go up, thou bald-head, go ;”
- 5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
 And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
 With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners e'er so young ;
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.



SONG XIX.

Against Swearing and Cursing and taking God's name in vain.



ANGELS that high in glory
dwell,
Adore thy name Almighty
God!
And devils tremble down in
hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

2 And yet, how wicked children dare,
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name;
And when they're angry, how they swear.
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme.

- 3 How will they stand before thy face
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain ?
- 4 Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n ;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.
- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above :
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear :
That heav'nly Father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain.
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.



HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every op'ning flow'r !

2 How skillfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.



SONG XXX.

Against Evil Company.



HY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray :
Who call ill names and fight ?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears :
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes :
Nor with the scoffers go ;
I would be walking with the wise.
That wiser I may grow.

4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,

They learn the wicked jest :

One sickly sheep infects the flock,

And poisons all the rest.

5 My God, I hate to walk or dwell

With sinful children here :

Then let me not be sent to hell,

Where none but sinners are.



SONG XXXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.



HY should our garments made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride ?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

- 2 When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone :
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are ! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I :
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers, exceed me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace :
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear :
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould :
It takes no spot, but still refines,
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven, and wear it there :
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXXIX.

Obedience to Parents.



LET children that would
fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers
say ;
With rev'rence meet their
parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !

How cursed is his name !

The ravens shall pick out his eyes,

And eagles eat the same.

4 But those who worship God, and give

Their parents honor due :

Here on this earth they long shall live,

And live hereafter too.



SONG XXXV.

The Child's Complaint.



WHY should I love
my sport so well,
So constant at my
play,
And lose the thoughts
of heaven and hell,
And then forget to
pray.

2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !

How vain are all my thoughts !

Pity the weakness of a child,

And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear.

And let me love to pray ;

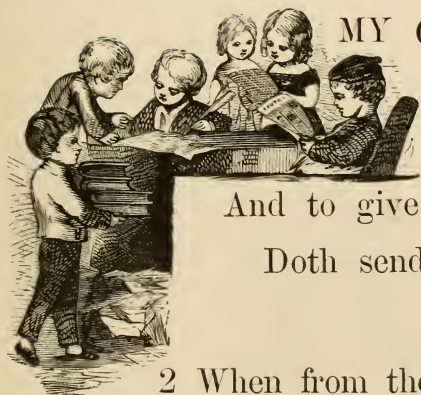
Since God will lend a gracious ear

To what a child can say.



SONG XXXV.

A Morning Song.



- MY God who makes the sun
to know
His proper hour to rise :
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies !
- 2 When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines ;
- 3 So, like the sun would I fulfill
The business of the day :
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!



SONG XXXVI.

An Evening Song.



AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
His providence and grace.

2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins ! how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head ;
And, through the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

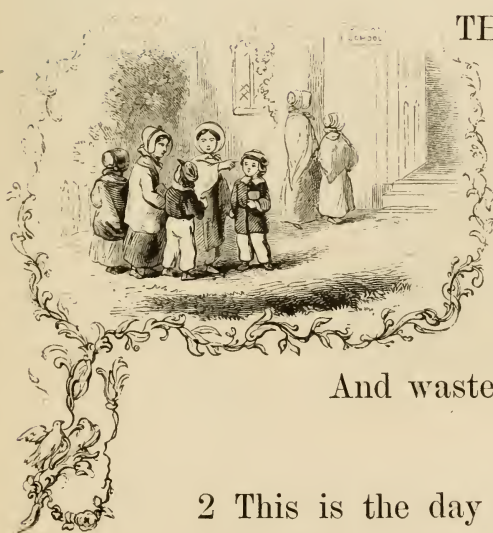
4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.





SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's Day Morning.



THIS is the day when
Christ arose,
So early from the
dead ;
Why should I keep
my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear thy word :
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray.
And so prepare for heav'n ;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven !



SONG XXVIII.

For the Lord's Day Evening.



LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray !
They hear of heav'n and learn the
way.

2 I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word :
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine :
That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

Out of the Old Testament, put into short rhyme for
Children.—EXODUS XX.



THOU shalt have no more
Gods but me.

2. Before no idol bow thy
knee.

3. Take not the name of God
in vain.

4. Nor dare the sabbath day
profane.

5. Give both thy parents honour due.

6. Take heed that thou no murder do.


7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.

8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and mean.


9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.

10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.


The Sum of the Commandments, out of the New
Testament.—MATT. XXII. 37.

 WITH all thy soul love God above.
And, as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.—MATT. VII. 12.

 E you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you:
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.


Duty to God and our Neighbour.

 OVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you :
What you're unwilling to receive.
Be sure you never do.

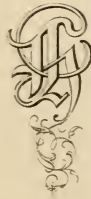
The Hosanna ; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

LONG METRE.

 OSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.


2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age.
In this delightful work engage ;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King !

COMMON METRE.

 OSANNA to the Prince of Grace.
Sion, behold thy King !
Proclaim the Son of David's race.
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
 Who from the Father came ;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.


SHORT METRE.

 OSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.

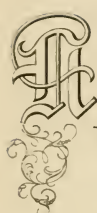
2 To Christ th' anointed King.
 Be endless blessings giv'n ;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing.
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, &c.


LONG METRE.

 O God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One.
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n.
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

OW let the Father, and the Son.
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

IVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A

Slight Specimen

OF

MORAL SONGS,

SUCH AS I WISH SOME

HAPPY AND CONDESCENDING GENIUS

WOULD UNDERTAKE

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN,

AND

PERFORM MUCH BETTER.

THE sense and subject might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country: (which would also afford matter for other Divine Songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptations of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.



MORAL SONGS.

SONG I.

The Sluggard.



'TIS the voice of the
sluggard ; I heard him
complain,
' You have wak'd me
too soon, I must
slumber again ;'

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
head.

2 'A little more sleep and a little more slumber:'

Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
without number;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,

The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he
begs.

4 I made him a visit, still hoping to find,

He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking:

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
thinking.

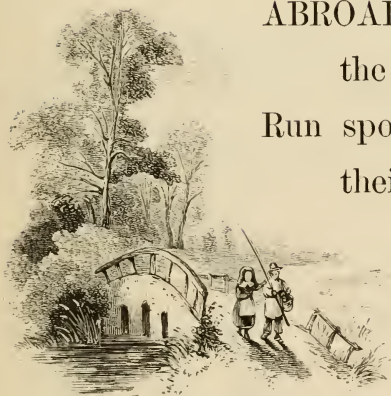
5 Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me:'

That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding,

Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

SONG II.

Innocent Play.



ABROAD in the meadows to see
the young lambs,
Run sporting about by the side of
their dams,

With fleeces so clean and
so white ;

Or a nest of young doves
in a large open cage,

When they play all in love, without anger or
rage,

How much we may learn from the sight !

2 If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;
So foul and so fierce are their natures :

But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as
lambs,

Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.

3 Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play :

For he's still in earnest that's hurt :

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
mire !

There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, ' 'Tis all but in sport.'

SONG III.

The Rose.



HOW fair is the rose!
 what a beautiful
 flower!

The glory of April
 and May!

But the leaves are beginning to
 fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a
 day.

2 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field;
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
 lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

- 3 So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose :
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain :
Time kills them as fast as he goes.
- 4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.



SONG IV.

The Thief.



WHY should I deprive
my neighbour
Of his goods, against
his will ?
Hands were made
for honest labour,
Not to plunder or
to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-
deceiving
By such tricks to
hope for gain :

All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame and pain.

- 3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they took forbidden fruit?
- 4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner:
Then the gallows ends his days.
- 5 Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.
- 6 Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

SONG V.

The Ant or Emmet.



THESE Emmets, how little they
are in our eyes!

We tread them to dust, and a
troop of them dies,

Without our regard or concern:

Yet as wise as we are, if we
went to their school,

There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2 They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores:

They manage their work in such regular forms,

One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time :

When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all my prime !

4 So, now, while my strength and my youth are in
bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when sickness
shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiv'n :

Let me read in good books and believe and obey.
That, when death turns me out of this cottage
of clay,

I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

SONG VI.

Good Resolutions.

THOUGH I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my
goodness ;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or
rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat
them ;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock or hurt or cheat them.

- 4 If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing—
Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing!
- 5 When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon get out of hearing.
- 6 What though I be low and mean,
 I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.
- 7 If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet I hope with pity;
Since I love to help the weak,
 Though they're neither fair nor witty.
- 8 I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll try to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

9 May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

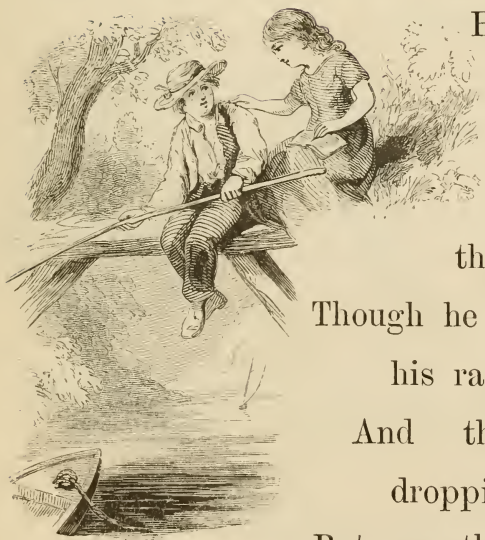
10 Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.





SONG VII.

A Summer Evening.



HOW fine has the day
been, how bright
is the sun,

How lovely and joyful
the course that he run,

Though he rose in a mist when
his race he begun,

And there follow'd some
droppings of rain !

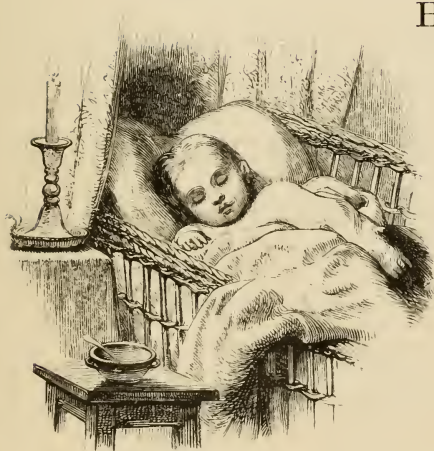
But now the fair traveller's come
to the west,

His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

2 Just such is the Christian : his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his
sins,
And melts into tears : then he breaks out and
shines,
And travels his heav'nly way ;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace.
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days.
Of rising in brighter array.



A CRADLE HYMN.*



HUSH! my dear, lie still
and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy
bed!
Heavenly blessings,
without number,
Gently falling on thy
head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment.

House and home thy friends provide:
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

* Some copies of this Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of these Songs for Children.

- 3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be;
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight!
- 6 Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heav'nly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord!
- 7 Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Tho' my song might sound too hard,
"Tis thy { *Mother } sits beside thee,
Nurse that }
And her arms shall be thy guard.

* Here you may use words Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c.

- 8 Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King;
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.
- 9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him.
With his virgin mother by.
- 10 See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
- 11 Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

13 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!







Watts'
Divine &
Moral
Songs.

PHILADELPHIA,

American Sunday School Union.

316 Chestnut Street